



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

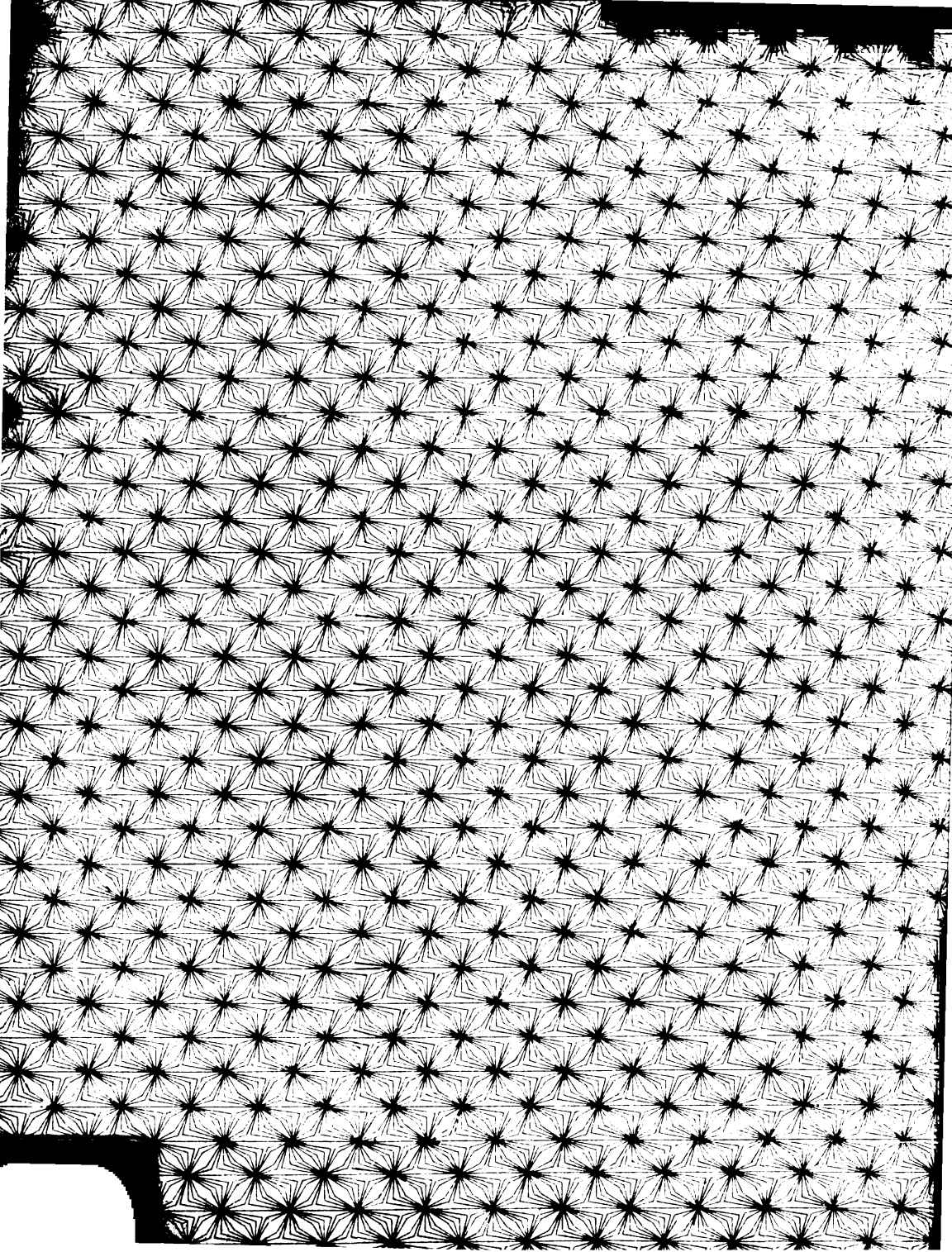
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

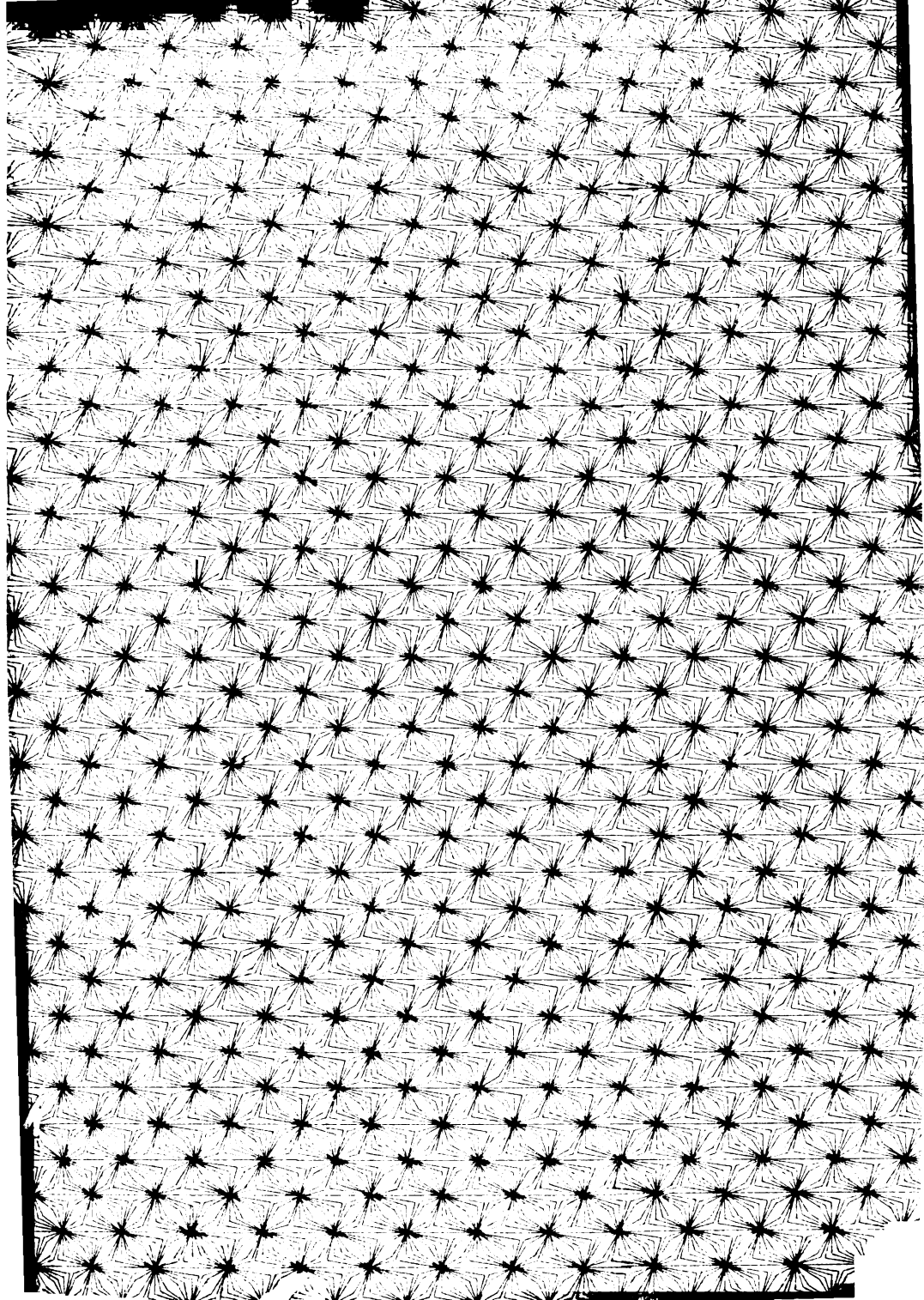
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





1. Poetry, American

892

NB1

Read

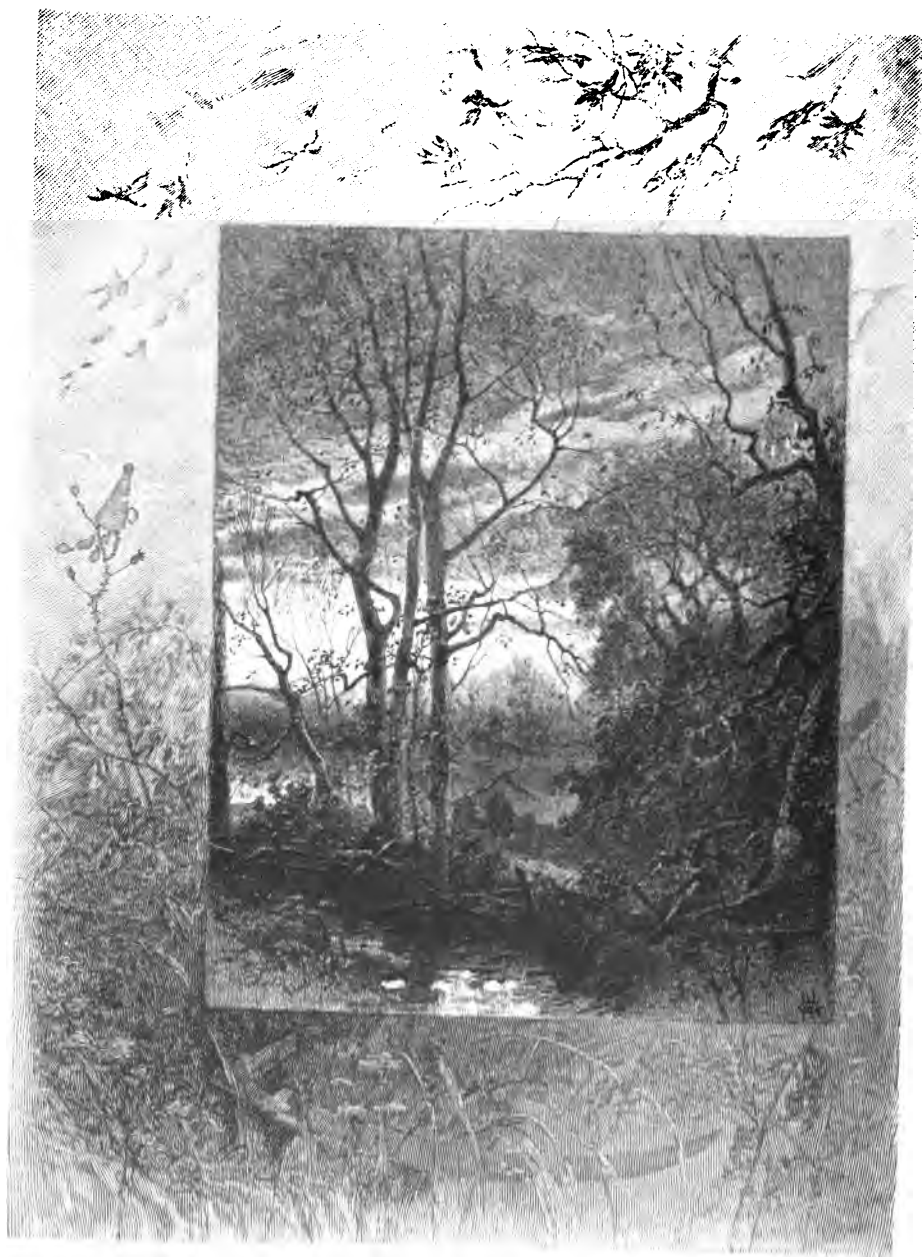




**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

L



THE
CLOSING SCENE.

BY
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

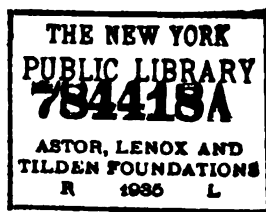
ILLUSTRATED.

h.c.
PHILADELPHIA :
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1888.

63

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



Copyright, 1886, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

NOV 23 1936
LIBRARY
Y. P. L.





HEAD-PIECE TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Drawn by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Engraved by J. W. LAUDERBACH.

HALF-TITLE—THE CLOSING SCENE. *Drawn by EDMUND H. GARRETT.*

FRONTISPIECE.

Drawn by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Engraved by F. S. KING.

WITHIN HIS SOBER REALM OF LEAFLESS TREES PAGE 11

Drawn by BRUCE CRANE. Engraved by JOHN DALZIEL.

THE GRAY BARNS LOOKING FROM THEIR HAZY HILLS 13

Drawn by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Engraved by H. E. SYLVESTER.

THE DISTANT WOODMAN HEWED HIS WINTER LOG 15

Drawn by WILL H. LOW. Engraved by THOMAS H. HEARD.

THE EMBATTLED FORESTS, EREWHILE ARMED IN GOLD 17

Drawn by J. FRANCIS MURPHY. Engraved by GEORGE A. TEEL.

ON SLUMBROUS WINGS THE VULTURE HELD HIS FLIGHT. 19

Drawn by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Engraved by JNO. P. DAVIS.

THE SENTINEL COCK UPON THE HILL-SIDE CREW 21

Drawn by J. FRANCIS MURPHY. Engraved by J. W. LAUDERBACH.

WHERE ERST THE JAY, WITHIN THE ELM'S TALL CREST. 23

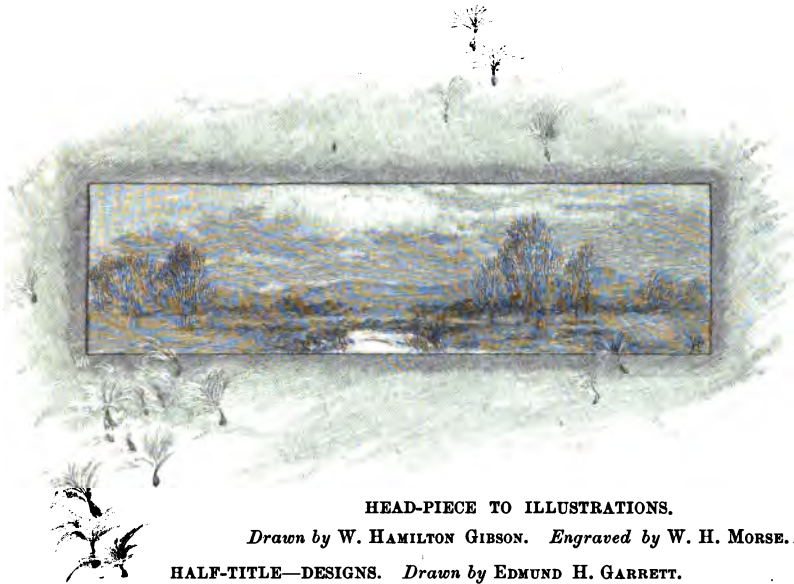
Drawn by CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY. Engraved by GEORGE P. WILLIAMS.

WHERE SANG THE NOISY MASONS OF THE EAVES 25

Drawn by H. BOLTON JONES. Engraved by FRED. JUENGLING.

ALL NOW WAS SONGLESS, EMPTY, AND FORLORN 27

Drawn by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Engraved by S. S. KILBURN.



HEAD-PIECE TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Drawn by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Engraved by W. H. MORSE.

HALF-TITLE—DESIGNS. *Drawn by EDMUND H. GARRETT.*

ALONE FROM OUT THE STUBBLE PIPED THE QUAIL	PAGE 29
<i>Drawn by D. W. TRYON. Engraved by F. A. PETTIT.</i>	
THERE WAS NO BUD, NO BLOOM UPON THE BOWERS	31
<i>Drawn by BRUCE CRANE. Engraved by A. LINDSAY.</i>	
WHERE THE WOODBINE SHED UPON THE PORCH ITS CRIMSON LEAVES	33
<i>Drawn by W. L. TAYLOR. Engraved by HENRY WOLF.</i>	
SAT, LIKE A FATE, AND WATCHED THE FLYING THREAD	35
<i>Drawn by HOWARD PYLE. Engraved by S. G. PUTNAM.</i>	
SHE HEARD THE STIR OF HIS BLACK MANTLE TRAILING IN THE DUST	37
<i>Drawn by HOWARD PYLE. Engraved by C. H. REED.</i>	
WHILE YET HER CHEEK WAS BRIGHT WITH SUMMER BLOOM	39
<i>Drawn by HOWARD PYLE. Engraved by FRANK FRENCH.</i>	
REGAVE THE SWORDS,—BUT NOT THE HAND	41
<i>Drawn by H. BOLTON JONES. Engraved by ROBERT HOSKIN.</i>	
BREATHED THROUGH HER LIPS A SAD AND TREMULOUS TUNE	43
<i>Drawn by HOWARD PYLE. Engraved by E. HEINEMANN.</i>	
DEATH AND WINTER CLOSED THE AUTUMN SCENE	45
<i>Drawn by HOWARD PYLE. Engraved by F. H. WELLINGTON.</i>	
CLOSING SCENE	47
<i>Drawn by JAMES B. SWORD. Engraved by J. TINKEY.</i>	

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

The Closing Scene



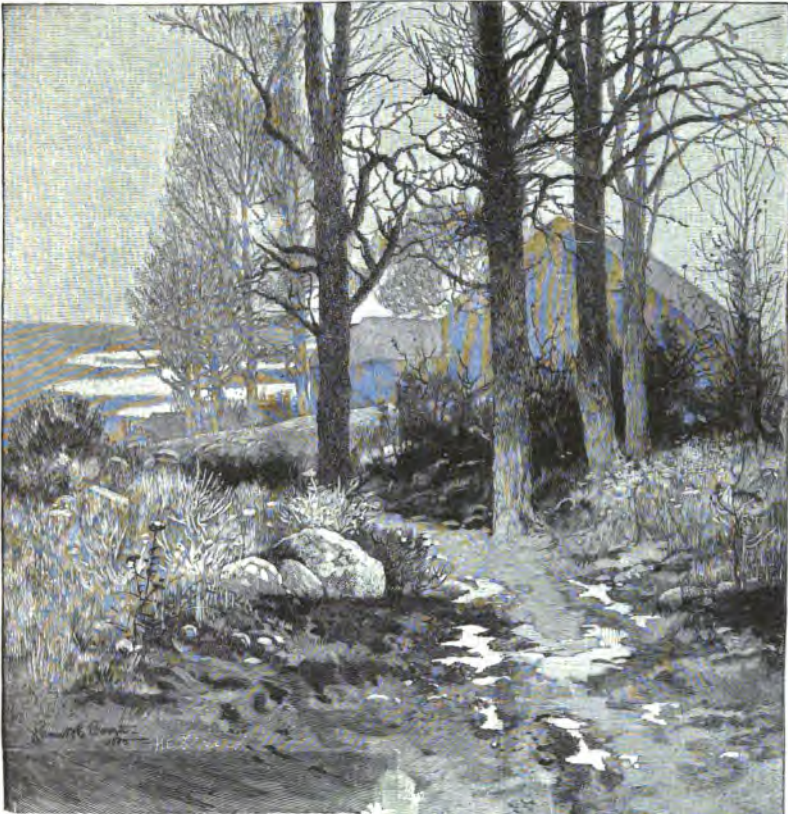
WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

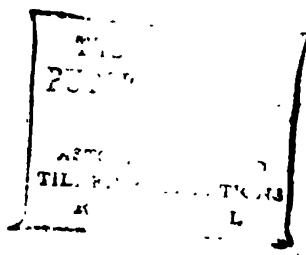
**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

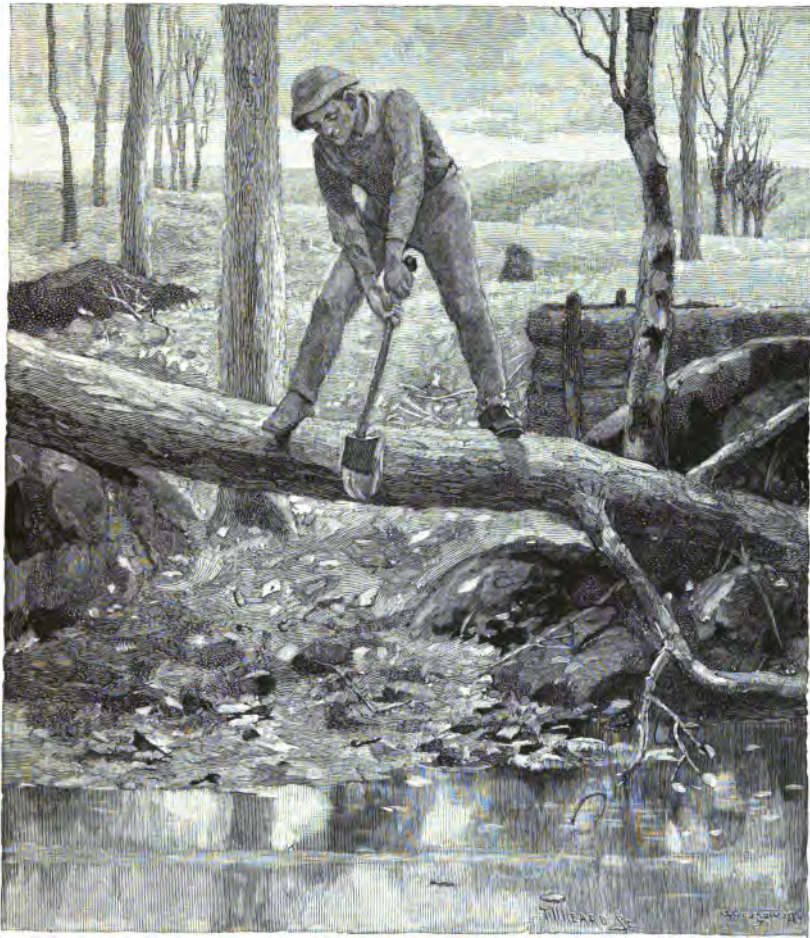
R

L



The gray barns looking
from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters
widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.





All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

THE PUBLIC

RECTOR
TILLEN YOUNG THOMAS
R L

The embattled forests,
 erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright
 with every martial hue,



Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

THE
PUBLIC

STOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
K L



On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—



Silent till some
replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L



Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
 Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
 By every light wind like a censer swung:—

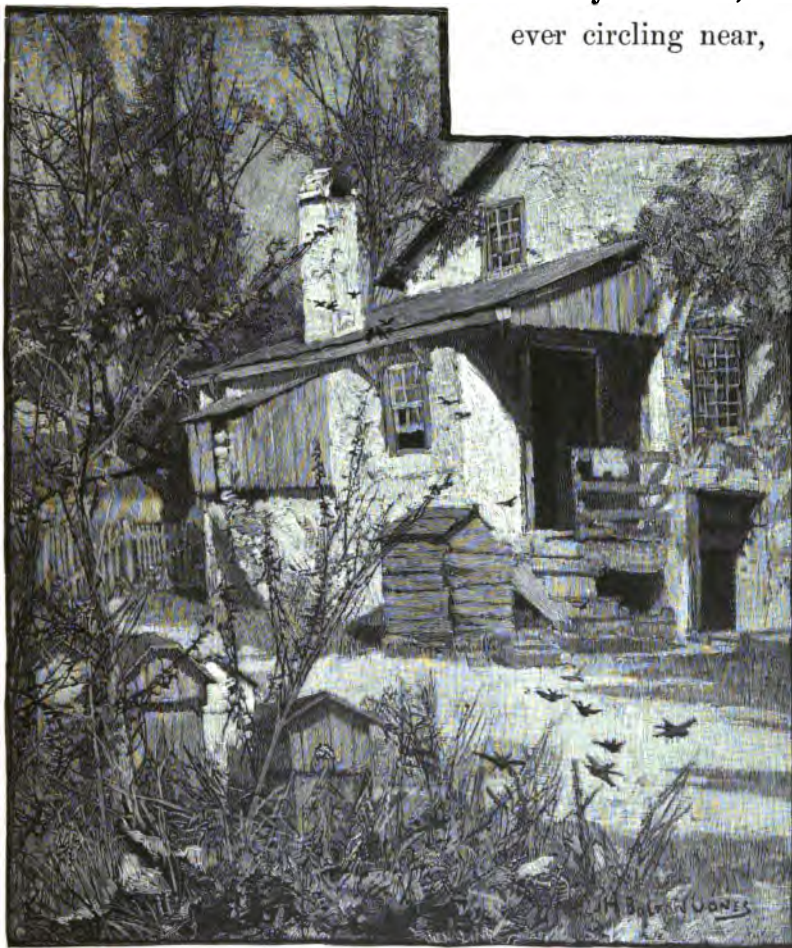
**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

R

L

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows,
ever circling near,



Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

THE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
NEW YORK

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—



All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

THE NEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom ;



Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
L



There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
L

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch



Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

2



Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and, with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;



And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

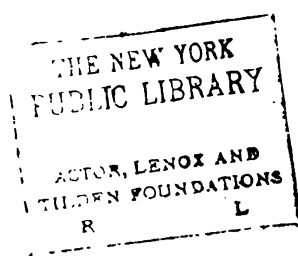
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

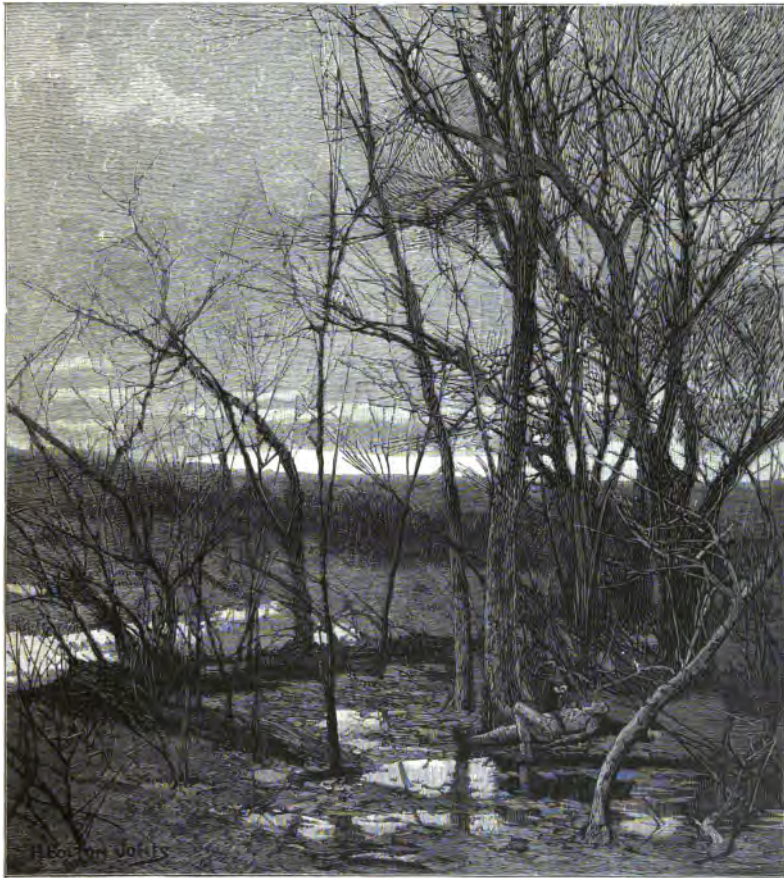
L



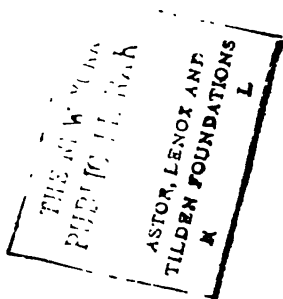
While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.



Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,

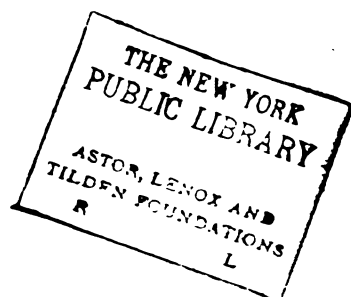


Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.





Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.



At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—



And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
P
L



